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WHOLE NO. 167

THE JEWS OF BARNOW.

Stories by Karl Emil Franzos.

TRANSLATED BY M. W. MACDOWALL.

"The scold, the curse—his people's heritage—
Have left upon his shrunken face their sting.
His eyes gleam like those of some hunted thing.
Against whose life implacable war men wage.
We read the Jew's face as one reads a page
Of his own nation's history, for there cling
About its lines, deep-woven with suffering,
The traces still of Israel's lordly age."

THE SHYLOCK OF BARNOW.

The Jew's great white house stands exactly opposite the old gray monastery of the Dominicans, and close to the public road that leads from Lemberg to Skala, passing through the gloomy little town of Barnow on the way. The people born in the small dirty houses of the Ghetto grow up with a feeling of the deepest respect and admiration for this house and its owner, old Moses Freudenthal. Both house and man are the pride of Barnow; and both in their own way justify this pride.

To describe the house in the first place. It really seems to be conscious of its own grandeur as it stands there proud and stately in all the dignity of whitewashed cleanliness, the long windows of the first floor bright and shining, and the painted shutters of the shop-windows coming down to the very ground at either side of the great folding-doors which stand invitingly open. For it is a house of entertainment, and the nobles of the country-side know how to take advantage of its superior attractions when they come to town on magisterial business, or attend the weekly market. It is also patronized by the cavalry officers who are stationed in the villages in the neighborhood, whenever the boredom of country quarters drives them into town. Besides this, the house is let in suites of apartments, and the greatest of the magnates of Barnow, such as the district judge and the doctor, live there. But it would be difficult to give a list of all the house contains, the ground floor is so crowded. In one room is a lottery agency, then come the offices of a company for insuring cattle, men, and corn; and again, a drapery establishment, a grocer's shop, a room in which gentlemen may drink their wine, and another where the poor man can enjoy his glass of brandy and water. But then, the lottery agent, the agent of the insurance company, the draper, the grocer, and the innkeeper are one and all—Moses Freudenthal.

But the tall, stern-looking old man to whom the house belongs is a more worthy of notice than it and all it contains. His family has been the grandest in the town as long as people can remember, and to him belongs of right the chief place in the synagogue. His father had been appointed head of the session on the death of his grandfather, and when his father died he was chosen as his successor without a dissenting voice, and by the unsolicited vote of the whole congregation. He is regarded as one of the most pious and honorable men in the Jewish community. Added to this is his wealth—his enormous wealth!

His co-religionists regard him as a millionaire, and they are right. For he not only possesses the big white house and all that is in it, but he has every reason to look upon several of the estates in the neighborhood as more really belonging to him than to the Polish nobles who live on them. And then Komorowka is his also. This beautiful place fell into his hands when little Count Smolski and his lovely wife Aurora lost it by their extravagance after a very few years' possession. Komorowka is indeed a lovely place. No wonder that when the time came for Count Smolski to leave his old home, he was in such utter despair that he sought to forget his woes in the worst fit of drunkenness of his whole life.

Would you be much surprised if you were now told that Moses Freudenthal was not only the richest and proudest, but also the most envied, man in Barnow? But this is not. Ask the poorest man in the Jewish town—the teacher of the Law, who, with his six children, often suffers from the pangs of hunger, or the water-carriers, who groan under the heavy pails they bear from morning to night from the town well—ask these men whether they would exchange lots with Moses, and they will at once answer, "No." For Freudenthal's sorrow is even greater than his wealth.

It is true that you cannot read this in his face as he stands tall and stately in the doorway of his house. His silver gray hair falls down below his black velvet skull cap; the two long curls that hang, one at each side of the face, as is the fashion of the Chassidim, are also silver gray and thin. But his figure is still strong and upright, and the curious-cut Jewish coat that he wears, resembling a talar in shape, and made of black cloth, is by no means an unbecoming garment. The old man stands almost motionless watching the painter who is busy painting the doors of the spirit-shop a bright arsenic green, with bottles, glasses, and bratzeln, in yellow and white upon the green background. He seldom turns to acknowledge the greeting of a passer-by, for but few people are in the streets to-day. Now and then a group of Ruthenian peasants may be seen reeling out of the town gate, or a nobleman drives past in his light britzka, or perhaps it is some poor peddler, who has been wandering the whole week long from farm to farm in the district exchanging money and cloth for the sheepskins, laden with which he is returning to town. His burden is heavy and his gain is but small, yet his pale, worn, and it may be, cunning face is not without a gleam of

joy and pride. A few hours later and the miserable ragged Jewish peddler, on whom farmers and nobles had tried the weight of their whips, and on whom they had made many a scurrilous jest, is transformed into a proud prince awaiting the arrival of his lovely bride—the day of rest, the Sabbath.

He has not long to wait now, the Friday afternoon is drawing to a close and the sun will soon set. Preparations for the day of rest are being made in every house; the squalid street is almost totally deserted. Herr Lozinski, the district judge, a tall, thin, yellow-faced man, is coming down the street accompanied by a young stranger. He stands at the door for a few minutes talking to Moses before going up stairs to his rooms. The dress of the badness of the times, the low price of silver, and the promising April weather; for it is a real spring day, more like May than anything else. The streets are very dry, except for a few puddles in the market-place; the air is deliciously soft and warm, and yonder in the monk's garden the fruit-trees and elder-bushes are covered with blossom. The Christian children coming home from school are shouting, "Spring! spring is coming!" "Yes, spring is coming," says the district judge, taking off his hat and leading his guest up stairs. "Spring is coming," repeats old Moses, passing his hand across his forehead as if awakened from a dream. "Spring is coming!"

"Old Moses is a very remarkable man," says the district judge to the new registrar. "I scarcely know whether to call him eccentric or not. You won't believe it, but he knows as much law as the best barrister in the land. And besides that, he's the richest man in the country-side. He is said to be worth millions! And yet he slaves week in, week out, as though he hadn't the wherewithal to buy his Sabbath dinner."

"A niggardly money-grubber like all the Jews," says the registrar, making the smoke of his cigar curl slowly in the air. "H'm! By no means. He is generous. I must confess that he is very generous. But his generosity gives him no more pleasure than his wealth. Yet he goes on speculating as before. And for whom, if you please—for whom?"

"Has he no children?" inquires the other.

"Yes. That's to say, he has and he hasn't. Ask him, and he will tell you that he has none. But you don't know his story, do you? Every one here knows it—but then, you see, you come from Lemberg. I suppose that you never heard any one speak of the old man's daughter, beautiful Esther Freudenthal, when you were there? The whole affair is very romantic; I must tell it to you."

The old man, whose story every one knows, is leaning against the door of his house, watching the flower-laden branches of the fruit-trees in the breeze. What is he thinking of? It cannot be of his business; for his eyes are wet with unshed tears, and his lips tremble for a moment as though with stifled grief. He shaded his eyes with his hands, as if the sunlight were blinding him. Then he draws himself up, and shakes his head, as though trying to rid himself of the sad thoughts that oppress him.

"Make haste, the Sabbath is drawing nigh," he says to the painter as he approaches to examine his work more closely.

The little humpback, who wears a shabby frocked coat of a fashion only known in Poland, has just finished the folding-doors, and now limps away to the window-shutters, paint-pot in hand. These shutters had formerly been colored a bright crimson, and their faded surface still bears the almost illegible inscription in white letters: "For ready money to-day—to-morrow gratis." Their glory has long since departed, and the little man, quickly filling his brush with the vivid green, begins to paint over them, saying as he works, "Do you remember, Pami Moschko, that I painted this too?" And with that he points to the dirty brown-red of the first coloring.

But Moses is thinking of other things, and scarcely heeding him, answers with an indifferent, "Really."

"Of course I did," continues the little man eagerly. "Don't you remember? I painted it fifteen years ago on just such another beautiful day as this is."

He was quite new, and I was a young fellow then. When I had finished my work, you looked at it, and said, 'I am pleased with you, Janko.' You were standing in front of the door, just where you are now, I verily believe, and your little Esterka was beside you. Holy Virgin! how lovely the child was! And how pleasant it was to hear her laugh when she saw the white letters appearing one after the other on the red ground! She asked what they meant, the darling! You gave me three Theresian zwanzigers for my work. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I thought then that it was my last job in Barnow; for old Herr von Polanski wanted to send me to the school of design at Cracow. But soon afterward he lost every farthing, he possessed, and was even obliged to get food to eat, and so I remained a house-painter. Ah yes! man proposes—and Deuce take it! The old man's gone, and here I am gossiping away to the empty air. I suppose that the Jew is counting his money as usual."

But Janko is mistaken. Moses Freudenthal is not counting his treasures at this moment. Indeed he would probably give up all that he possesses without a sigh could he thereby rid his life of what has made him poorer and more wretched than the beggar at his gates. He has taken refuge in the large dusky sitting-room, into which no ray of sunlight, and no sound of the human voice can penetrate. He can now throw himself into his arm-chair, and sob from the bottom of his heart without any one asking him what is the matter; he can let

his head fall upon his breast, tear his hair, or cover his face with his hands. He does not weep, or pray, nor yet does he curse; he moans out in pain, the words echoing in the quiet room, "How pleasant it was to hear the child's laugh!" Thus he sits in the twilight. At last he gets up and raises his eyes as if in prayer—nay, rather as a man who demands a right. "O God," he cries, "I do not ask that she may come back to me, for I made my servants drive her from my door; I do not ask that she may be happy, for she has sinned grievously in the sight of God and man; I do not ask that she may be unhappy, for she is my own flesh and blood; I only ask that she may die, so that I may not have to curse my only child. Let her die, O God, let her die, or let me!"

Meanwhile the district judge is concluding his story in a low, confidential tone. "One knows what has become of the pretty little girl. She is forgotten; her father even doesn't seem to remember her existence. They're a heartless race, these Jews; they're all alike."

It has grown dusk in the town, but there is no gloom in the hearts of its Jewish inhabitants. The dismal irregularly built houses of the Ghetto are now enlivened by thousands of candles, and thousands of happy faces. The Sabbath has begun in the hearts of these people, and in their rooms, a common and usual occurrence, and yet a mysterious and blessed influence that drives away all that is poor and mean in everyday life. To-day, every hotel is lighted up, and every heart made glad with sufficiency of food. The teacher of the law has forgotten his hunger, the water-carrier his hard work, the peddler the blows and derision that continually fall to his lot, and the rich usurer his gain. To-day all are equal; all are happy, trustful sons of the same Almighty Father. The feeble light of the tallow candle in its rude candelstick, and the soft light of the wax-candle in the silver candelabra, illumine the same picture. The daughters of the house and the little boys sit silently watching their mother, as she, in obedience to the chief, leaves the room at once. Down from generation to generation, blesses the candles. The father then takes the large prayer-book down from the book-shelf and gives it to his eldest son to carry to the synagogue for him. After that they all go out into the street, the men and women keeping apart, as the strict law commands. Their words are few, and those they utter are grave and quiet. To-day neither grief nor joy finds vent in speech, for all hearts are full of the divine peace of the Sabbath.

The large white house opposite the Dominican monastery is also illumined. But the candles were lighted by a stranger, for there is no mistress there to speak the customary blessing. The finest linen covers the tables in the best parlor, which is handsomely furnished, but no child's merry laugh, and no loving word is heard there. The melancholy sound of the sputtering candles alone disturbs the stillness.

But the old man who now enters the room in his Sabbath suit has been accustomed to this state of things for years—for five long years. At first he used involuntarily to turn and listen for the sound of the voice he loved so well; for it was on an evening such as this that his child had left him. But this evening he crosses the room quickly, and taking the heavy leather-bound prayer-book from the shelf, leaves the room at once. Does he fear that to-day of all days the ghosts of the past will come forth to meet him from every corner of the well-lighted room?

If that be the case, it is foolish to fly from them, Moses Freudenthal! See, they dog your footsteps wherever you go through the narrow gloomy little streets. They whisper in your ear, even though you strive to drown their voices by entering into conversation with the passers-by. They appear before your very eyes in spite of your fixing them upon the votive tablets fastened to the pillars in the house of God. And when you pass through the congregation and take your seat in your accustomed place, they flutter around your head, look at you out of the very letters of your prayer-book; and speak to you in the voice of the officiating minister!

"Praise ye the Lord. Break out into joy, gladness, and song. For He judgeth the world with righteousness and the people with His truth."

"And the solitary," cries a secret voice in the heart of the unhappy man, "shall He break in pieces!" His eyes are fixed upon his book, his lips whisper the words of prayer; but he does not pray, he cannot! The whole of his past life rises ghost-like before his mental vision, and in such vivid detail as to cause him intense agony.

"He who can no longer pray," his old father had often told him, and now the words involuntarily recur to him—"He who can no longer pray shall be cast out from before the face of the Eternal."

He had never really looked at her. His father had, however, chosen her to be his wife, and he was satisfied that it was

well. Three months later he married Rosele. Hark! the Chazan is beginning the ancient Sabbath hymn, whose words, expressive of joy and longing, go straight to the heart—"Lecho daudi likras kalle." And immediately the choir takes up the strain triumphantly, "Lecho daudi likras kalle." "Come, O friend, let us go forth to meet the Bride, let us receive the Sabbath with joy!"

Strange emotion to stir the spirit of a people to its very depths! Strange that all the passion and sensuousness of which its heart and mind are capable are expended on the adoration of the Divinity, and on that alone. The same race whose genius gave birth to the Song of Songs—eternal hymn of love—and to whom the world owes the story of Ruth, the most beautiful idyl of womanhood ever known—has now, after a thousand years of the night of oppression and wandering, learnt to look upon marriage as a mere matter of business; by which to secure some pecuniary advantage, and as a means of preventing the chosen of the Lord from dying off the face of the earth. These men know not what they do—their love no suspicion of the sin of which they are guilty in this act.

Nor did Moses Freudenthal know it. He honored his wife as long as she lived, and found in her a faithful helpmate in joy and sorrow. A blessing seemed to rest upon everything he did, for whatever he undertook prospered. He studied the language of the Christians around him with an eager determination to learn, and then began the arduous task of learning German law; a man of thirty studied as hard as if he had been a schoolboy. He was not actuated by the desire of gain alone, but also by a love of honor and knowledge. And this knowledge bore fruit; he became rich—very rich. The nobles and officers of the neighborhood came to his house and bowed themselves down before the majesty of his wealth; but before he had done with them, they were forced to hold him in as much respect as his gold. In those days every one envied him, and people used to whisper as he passed—"That is the happiest man in the whole district!"

But was he really happy? If he were so, why did he often look gloomy, and why did Rosele weep as if her heart would break, when she was sure that no one could see her? A dark shadow rested on the married life of this couple, who, in their daily intercourse, had gradually learnt to esteem each other. Their marriage was childless. As they had been brought together by strangers, and were not even yet united in heart and soul; they could not live down their sorrow, and wished his wife "good evening" as usual, instead of answering softly, and glancing at him shyly and sadly, she hastened to meet him, and clung to him as though she felt for the first time that she had a right to his love. He gazed at her blushing excited face, his surprise giving way to joyful anticipation; then, taking her hand, he drew her down to the seat beside him, and made her lay her head upon his breast. Their lips trembled, but neither of them could find words to express their joy—none seemed adequate!

"Praise ye the Lord!" These words of the minister roused Moses from his dream of the past, and he hears the congregation reply, "Praised be the Lord the Almighty, the Eternal, the God of battles!"

"Praised be God!" With what mixed feeling had Moses Freudenthal joined in this cry of Thanksgiving on that Sabbath evening twenty-two years ago when he first entered the house of God a father! His heart bled and rejoiced at the same moment; he wept with mingled joy and sorrow; for a little daughter had indeed been borne to him; but his wife's strength had been unable to withstand her sufferings, and she had died. She had borne her terrible agony with uncomplaining resignation; and even when dying, a happy smile passed over her pale face whenever she heard the voice of her child. In those sad hours before the end of the hearts of the husband and wife, that had remained strangers to each other during the long years of their married life, at length found each other. He alone understood why his wife said, "Now I can die in peace." She alone understood why he bent over her hand again and again, sobbing, "Forgive me, Rosele; forgive me!" "The child," she said; "take care of the child!" then she shivered and died. Next morning they carried her out to the "good place," and he rent his garments, took the shoes from off his feet, and sat on the floor of the chamber of death for seven days and seven nights, thus fulfilling the days of mourning after the manner of the children of Israel. He did not weep, but fixed his sad, tearless eyes on the flame of the funeral light which has to burn for a whole week, in order that the homeless spirit may have a resting place on earth until God shows it where it is henceforth to dwell.

"He is talking to the dead," whispered his relations in awe-struck tones, when they saw his lips move, as he murmured, "All might have been well now, and you are dead!"

His sorrow found relief in tears when they brought him the child, and asked what it should be called. "Esther," he answered—"Esther, like my mother."

He held his little daughter long in his arms, and his tears fell on her face. Then he gave the child back to her nurse, and from that moment became calm and composed.

When the days of mourning were over he returned to his business, and worked harder than ever before. A new spirit seemed to possess him, and every day he embarked in new and daring undertakings. He ventured to do what no one else would attempt, and fortune remained true to him. He now carried out the wish he had long nourished—bought the piece of land opposite the Dominican monastery, and began to build a large house there. He passed his days in unceasing labor; but in the evening he would sit for hours at a time by his child's cradle, gazing at the soft baby face. And in the first months after his bereavement, the nurse was often startled by seeing him come noiselessly into the nursery in the middle of the night, and watch and listen long to see if all were well with the child.

The days grew into months, the months into years, and little Esterka became even more remarkable for beauty and cleverness as time went on. She was very like her father, for she had the same black curly hair, high forehead, and determined mouth; but in strange and touching contrast with the other features of the defiant little face, were the gentle blue eyes she had inherited from her mother. The father often looked at those eyes, and whenever he did so, he took his little girl in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and called her by a thousand pet names; but except at such times, the grave, reserved man showed the child few tokens of the almost insane love he bore her.

When Esther was five years old they left the small house they had formerly inhabited in the Ghetto, and went to live in the large white house opposite the monastery. And after that Moses began to take measures for the education of his daughter, who was to be brought up according to old-established usage. Es-ther learnt to cook, to pray, and to count, that was enough for the house, for heaven, and for life. And what could her father have taught her in addition to this? Polish and German, perhaps? She could speak both languages, and he, like every other Jew in Barnow, regarded reading and writing as needless luxuries for a girl. He had learnt both in order that he might write his business letters, and understand the book of civil law; his daughter did not need to do either. Besides that, would greater knowledge make her a better or a happier woman? "When a Jewish girl knows how to pray" has come to be a proverb amongst these stern-natured men—"she needs nothing more to make her good and happy!" And yet little Esther was to learn to read German, and much more besides!

"It was an hour of weakness," murmurs the old man, as he rises with the rest of the congregation to take part in the long prayer, during which all must stand—"of weakness and folly that I gave way. Woe unto me for consenting, and cursed be he who led me astray!"

How can you say so, Moses Freudenthal! However much your misfortunes may have enlightened you, and taught you to know your own heart, you cannot even yet see that it was a sin you were committing in shutting out the light of the world from your child, and that you did right when you consented to permit another to reveal it to her. Oh, how you sin, old man, when, hardening your heart in egotism and ignorance, you say, "That was the cause of her misfortunes and of mine also! From that time forward her mind was poisoned, and turned away from me and my God! Cursed, cursed be that hour!"

But all this happened on a warm, bright summer evening thirteen years ago. The moonlight lay on the houses and streets, and the very dust on the road seemed to glitter like silver. Moses Freudenthal was sitting on the stone seat at his door, lost in thought. He felt strangely soft-hearted that evening; for whether he would or not, he could not help living over again in his mind the occurrences of his former life, and thinking of his dead wife Rosele. His daughter, who was now nine years old, was sitting beside him, gazing wide-eyed into the moonlit night. Suddenly a man came up the street, and stood looking at them. Moses did not at once recognize him, but little Esther sprang to her feet, with a cry of joy—"Uncle Schlome! How glad I am that you have come to see us, Uncle Schlome!"

Moses now recognized the stranger, and rose in astonishment. What did Schlome Grunstein want with him, and how had his daughter become acquainted with the "Meschumed?" He was Rosele's brother, and had been his play-fellow in his boyhood, but Moses had not spoken to him for twenty years; for a pious Jew could hold no communication with a Meschumed, an apostate from the faith, and Schlome was an apostate in the eyes of the Ghetto. And yet the pale delicate-looking man, with the gentle dreamy expression, had always remained a Jew, and had lived quietly and peacefully amongst his neighbors, spending his wealth in works of charity and mercy. But the name on his name had cleaved to him from his youth upward.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Better Way.

The more quietly and peacefully we get on the better—the better for neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest policy is, if a man cheats, stop trading with him; if he is abusive, stop his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that no one will believe him; no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than a cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with wrong we meet with.

The Emperor of Germany has appointed Dr. Joseph Klein an extraordinary Professor of Physiology at the University of Bonn.

Advertisements.

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Ladies' Jersey Jackets in Brown.

Ladies' Jersey Jackets in Gray.

Ladies' Jersey Jackets in Navy

Blue.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Black.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Black.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Brown.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Cardinal.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Garnet.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Nav.

Blue.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Scarlet.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Claret.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Pale

Pink.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Pale Blue

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Forest

Green.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Tele-

graph Blue.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Crushed

Strawberry.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Terra

Cotta.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in Shrimp

Pink.

Ladies' Jersey Waists in New

Tan Color.

Ladies' Satin Walking Skirts in

Black.

Ladies' Satin Walking Skirts in

all Colors.

Ladies' Persian Dolmans.

Ladies' Colored Dolmans.

Ladies' Kate Greenaway Ulsters.

Children's Kate Greenaway Ul-

sters.

The Rev. A. Pereira Mendes, late preacher to the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, London, England, has arrived in New York, and preached at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Nineteenth Street, on Saturday 28th ult. The sermon he delivered on his recent visit to this country will long be remembered. The reverend gentleman will proceed to Newyork, R. I., to take charge of the ancient Touro Synagogue built by some of the first Jewish settlers in America, and therefore, of Spanish and Portuguese descent. He will open a high class educational institute, with separate establishments for boys, young ladies and primary departments, with a staff of appropriate persons, with a view of giving well merited to his old congregation in London, preached a few weeks ago, was printed by request of the wardens, and created quite a sensation, the audience being moved to tears, and taking leave with many regrets. He is the last of a family which has supplied the congregation with a chief rabbi, a Dayan, or ecclesiastical chieft, and two ministers. His sons are ministers of the Forty-fourth street and Nineteenth street synagogues, in this city; his nephew, whom he also has adopted, is minister in Savannah, Ga. His son-in-law, minister of the Manchester Spanish and Portuguese synagogue, and his late brother-in-law, Dr. De Sola, is succeeded by another nephew in Montreal, Canada.

TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

A surprise party was given Mr. H. Schlesinger at his residence, 619, Ellis Street, in honor of his twenty-first birthday, last Sunday evening. Though entirely impromptu, the affair having been arranged by a few of his intimate friends, the evening will long be remembered for the happy gathering and delightful surroundings. The guest of the evening being a very beautiful and substantial affection and regard, and sentimentally good wishes for him were profusely offered. Mr. Schlesinger left last Wednesday for San Luis Obispo, where he will engage in business.

A SAD EVENT.

Master Abraham Kaufman, died last Friday, of Typhoid fever, in the 15th year of his age. The deceased was a youth of great promise, and his widowed mother had centered great hopes upon his future career. He had, but a few weeks prior to his death, been engaged with a large mercantile house, in a position formerly filled by a brother, who had left the city to engage in business on his own account. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place Sunday last from his mother's residence on Tyler Street, Rev. Dr. Vidaver officiating. The following young friends of the deceased acted as pall bearers: Oscar Figel, Nathan Fisher, Abraham Levy and Louis Bloom.

STOCKTON ITEMS.

Sunday evening last, Miss Dora Wolf was the recipient of a surprise party at the hands of her numerous friends and acquaintances, in honor of her birthday. Dancing, singing, recitations, etc., were indulged in until midnight, when the company were invited to partake of a spread of good things, to which all present did ample justice. Among the guests were Misses Hattie Stamper, Gussie Marks, Sarah Raphael, Bessie Gumpertz, Eva Rosenthal, Flora Marks, Carrie Stamper, Mary Kohlman, Dora Wolf, Becky Raphael, Delia Peyser; Messrs. Abe Bibbero, Charles Wiener, Paul Friedman, M. Gumpertz, L. Frankenstein, M. Stamper, Charles Newman, Lewis Wolf, J. Raphael, C. Stamper, and J. Bibbero.

ELECTION.

Arizona Lodge, 337, I. O. B. B., has elected the following officers: President, A. Marx, re-elected; Vice-President, Isidor Goldtree; Secretary, Albert E. Jacobs; Treasurer, I. S. Fried, re-elected; Assistant Monitor, Herman Schoenholz; Inside Guardian, Adolph Goldschmidt; Outside Guardian, Gabriel Einstein. The election was held at the quarterly meeting of the Lodge, a dispensation having been obtained from the Grand Lodge, permitting quarterly elections.

Cradle, Altar and Tomb.

BIRTHS.

BLANK—In this city, April 25, to the wife of Louis BLANK, a daughter.
ROTH—In this city, April 19, to the wife of S. ROTH, a daughter.
LEVY—In this city, April 29, to the wife of D. LEVY, a daughter.

BETROTHED.

BLOWNSTEIN—STEINER—HENRY BLOWNSTEIN, of Selma, Cal., to LILLIE STEINER, of this city.
BROWN—STRAUSS—RALPH BROWN to ROSA STRAUSS, both of New York.
GREENWOOD—KAHN—Miss EMMA GREENWOOD, of Mobile, Ala., to MORRIS KAHN, of New York.
ZABINSKI—BIELEFELD—Mr. JOSEPH ZABINSKI, of Harlem, to Miss GUSSE BIELEFELD, of New York.

MARRIED.

LEVY—WOLFF—In New York, 15th ult., by the Rev. H. P. Mendes, ESTHER LINDO, daughter of Reuben J. and Rachel M. Wolff, to R. WALTER LEVY.
SEELIGMAN—WOLFSOHN—In New York, April 19, by the Rev. Dr. Gottheil, ABRAHAM L. SEELIGMAN to ELLA, youngest daughter of the late Edward Wolfssohn.
HARTMAN—HECHT—In New York, April 11, by Hon. A. Stekler and Professor Felix Adler, ODELIA, daughter of Albert Hartman, Esq., to PHILIP HECHT.

DIED.

SICHEL—In this city, April 23, JULIE SICHEL, a native of Bavaria, aged 48 years.
KAUFMAN—In this city, April 27, ABRAHAM, youngest son of Mary and the late Maurice Kaufman, aged 15 years and 7 months.
PEISER—In this city, May 2, PAULINE PEISER, mother of L. Peiser, a native of Poland, aged 76 years.

LITERATURE.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just issued a new and complete edition of the works of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Her latest work, "Self-Made; or, Out of the Depths," has just been issued in two volumes, under the names of "Ishmael; or, In the Depths," and "Self-Raised; or, From the Depths," the first of which gives as a frontispiece a new portrait of Mrs. Southworth, the other a view of her cottage on the Potomac. This new edition is in duodecimo form, and is complete in forty-three large volumes, bound in morocco cloth, with a full gilt back, price \$1.75 each.

Nervousness, debility, and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.
FOR FURTHER CLASS INFORMATION, work, go to Oscar Nathan's New Parlor, in Hardie Place, off Kearny street.

MARVELS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisiest dungeons, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace, door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet that eye is not blinded, because under the eyelid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, which spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild, and so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acidity, which, under some circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not that all along the edges of the eyelids there are little oil-manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyelids washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to rebreathe it unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while if it hovered about us, more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant that it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher region above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life.

How rapidly it ascends is fully exhibited every frosty morning. But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account, in its outward passage through the organs of the voice, making of it the whistles of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle making the navel its center will just take in the head, the finger-ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one-tenth the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements, known in nature; only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre, and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth!—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of powder, an atom of charcoal.—"Frank Leslie's Magazine."

SANTA CRUZ.

All travelers speak in Eulogistic terms of the splendid accommodations furnished them at the Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz. No better table is provided at our leading city Hotels than is spread by the genial host, E. J. Swift.

The S. P. R. R., narrow gauge, will commence on Sunday, April 22d, to run the popular fast \$3 excursions to Big Trees and Santa Cruz, at the comfortable hour of 8:30 A. M., and every Sunday thereafter. This train stops only at Santa Clara and San Jose, and makes the unprecedented time of three hours and forty minutes to Santa Cruz, giving over four hours at the beach; five hours at Big Trees, or two hours at each place; and returning makes the city at 8:30 P. M. sharp. By this route eighty miles travel and two hours' time is saved. The equipment and road-bed are first class. No change of cars; no dust; unsurpassed scenery. "Maximum pleasures at minimum cost."

New Advertisements.

PLATT'S MUSIC HALL.

Friday Evening, May 11, 1883.

At 8 o'clock!

The First Grand Concert

Of the gifted young Pianiste,

Miss Lula Joran,

(14 YEARS OLD.)

Assisted by her two younger sisters, MISSES PAULINE and ELLA, and the following Artists:

Madame LeHardi, Soprano, late Paris, her first appearance in San Francisco; Mr. Wm. G. Cogswell, Baritone, late from Italian and English Opera, New York City; Herr Chas. Goffie, Violinist; Mr. Oscar Herold, Accompanist, and a Grand Orchestra, Herr Chas. Goffie, Director.

PROGRAMME.

I.—BEETHOVEN, Andante con variazioni, and Presto, from the Kreutzer Sonata, for Piano and Violin—Miss Lula Joran and Herr Chas. Goffie.
II.—ROSSINI, "Largo al Factotum," from "Il Barbiere"—Mr. Wm. G. Cogswell.
III.—J. S. BACH, "Gigue," in G major, (Op. No. 1.) CHOPIN—(c) Rondeau, op. 16—Miss Lula Joran.
IV.—VERDI—Grand Aria, "Atila"—MADAME LEHARDI.
V.—SCHUMANN—(c) Santa Claus, (Op. Original variations on the theme "Ah! vous dirai-je Maman" MISS ELLA JORAN.
VI.—Two for two Pianos. ST. HELLER—(c) Tarantelle, op. 85, No. 1; LOW—(c) Allegro Brillant—LULA and PAULINE JORAN.
VII.—WEBER (LISTZ)—Concerto in F minor—Miss Lula and PAULINE JORAN.
VIII.—MOZART—Duo, "La ci darem," "Don Giovanni"—Miss LEHARDI and Mr. COGSWELL.
IX.—GRAND FINALE—ORCHESTRA.

Admission, One Dollar.

Children, half price. (Reserved Seats included.) BOXES—4 seats, \$4.00; 5 seats, \$5.00; and 5 seats, \$9.00. Boxes and Seats can be selected without EXTRA CHARGE, on Thursday and Friday, May 10th and 11th, from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.) at Sherman, Clay & Co's Music House, cor. Kearny and Sutter Streets. MARCUS M. HENRY, Business Manager.

Grand Excursion

ANNUAL PICNIC

Columbia Lodge, 127

(I. O. B. B.)

NEWARK PARK.

Sunday, May 6th, 1883.

South Pacific Coast Railroad, (Narrow Gauge).

Trains will leave at 9:30 and 12:30, direct to the Park.

Tickets for Round Trip and Admission to Park, 15 cts.

Children under 12 years, 10 cts.

10 Tickets by members and at the Depot.

AN OPPORTUNITY is offered to a good

boy or young man to learn the Retail Boot

and Shoe business thoroughly.

COHENBROTHERS,

840 Market Street.

WANTED—ROOMS AND BOARD FOR

man and wife, in a private Jewish family,

where no other boarders are and where home comfort

can be enjoyed. Address, stating terms and full

particulars, FRANK, (this office.)

FURNISHED ROOMS.

1138 SUTTER (THE RICHMOND),

Two handsomely furnished sunny corner

bay-window suites, with board.

HO! FOR SHELL MOUND!

4th ANNUAL PICNIC

GIVEN BY

CREMIEUX LODGE,

No. 325, I. O. B. B.

AT

SHELL MOUND PARK

Sunday, July 8th, 1882.

TICKETS, FIFTY CENTS

Admitting lady and gentleman.

Children under 15 years of age, Free.

Music by Blum's Band of Twelve Pieces.

The Restaurant will be under the Supervision of

Capt. Siebe, the proprietor, and first-class meals will

be furnished at city prices.

Tickets may be had of A. Zimmon, 308 Bush St.,

Jacob Faso, 602 California St., L. C. Levy, 424

Kearney St.; and from all members of the Lodge.

REMOVAL.

ABE LEWIS

WISHES TO INFORM HIS MANY

friends that he has REMOVED TO

1215 Stockton Street,

Where he will keep a LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

PICTURES, MIRRORS,

CORNICES & MOULDINGS,

Of all kinds.

Call and see him. His prices will suit you.

Champagne Soda

IS A HEALTHY, PLEASANT AND

INVIGORATING DRINK.

NO ACID & PERFECTLY PURE.

MANUFACTURED BY

TILTON & SCHRODER,

No. 1573 Market St.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,

And Delivered to any part of the City in

One-Gallon Kegs.

For The Holidays.

Lebenbaum,

Goldberg & Bowen,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS,

No. 432 Pine Street,

Will supply the best articles for the ensuing

HOLIDAYS. German Pears, Cherries,

French Prunes, Arabian Dates, Smyrna

Figs, Honey in Comb and Strained, Potato

Flour, Preserved Ginger, Fruits, Jams,

Home-made Jellies, Raisins, Pure Olive

Oil, etc. All pure and of best quality.

Pure Wines a Specialty.

LEBENBAUM,

GOLDBERG & BOWEN.

"THE GOVERNOR!"

THE SURE CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM

REFERENCES.—Thomas Day, 122 and

124 Sutter street; Judge Lewis Aldrich,

607 Washington street; L. F. Rowell, Ass't

Supt. Wells, Fargo & Co.; and 100, Ass't

For Sale by All Druggists.

DEPOT, 504 FRONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Something New Under the Sun

The old Adage, "There is nothing

new,"

A FALLACY.

WHO HAS EVER HEARD OF A STEAM

Bath in your bedroom, to be had with comfort and

ease!

GALLAND'S

PATENT CABINET

DOES ALL THIS.

Simple in construction, yet perfect in detail.

No inhaling of hot air or steam.

It will convince the most skeptical that it is the

very thing every household stands in need of.

On exhibition at 127 Montgomery Street,

Room 5, first floor.

DR. MERRIMAN'S FRAGRANT
KALLIODONT
FOR BEAUTIFYING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH.
For Sale by all Druggists.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR.

Popular Prices, Popular Styles

Large Stock Men's and Boys'

Ready-made Clothing,

Men's Furnishing Goods and

Neckwear.

816 & 818 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Phelan's Block.

22 Samples with Instructions for Self-

Measurement Sent Free.

F. JOS. LOCHER,

Merchant Tailor,

No. 209 Post Street,

Mr. Locher superintends the cutting

himself, and is well known in this

city as an Artist Cutter.

GRAND OPENING!

SHIPPER & SCHWARTZ,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 733 Market Street,

Opp. Dupont.

Choice Millinery!

Ladies are respectfully invited call to and see the

CHOICE ASSORTMENT

OF FINE

FASHIONABLE

MILLINERY!!

Now opened by MRS. MCCLUNIE, at

No. 222 POST ST.

All the Latest Styles at the Very Low-

est Prices.

MME. COLOMBIER,

Dress & Cloak Maker,

LATE OF PARIS.

Introduces the very latest styles of Parisian Fash-

ions. All prices moderate. Trouseaus, Party Re-

ception Dresses and Costumes of any description

"Specialties."

N. B.—A celebrated

Parisian Dressmaker.

gives lessons in cutting and fitting and guarantees for

\$15 in one month to make anyone able to cut and fit

perfectly.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, ROOM 7,

127 Kearny street, San Francisco

ANNOUNCEMENT.

MADAME MILLER

HAS OPENED HER

French Dressmaking

PARLORS

At 35 Taylor Street.

MRS. MILLER IS NOW PREPARED TO

give the fullest satisfaction to her customers, by

filling their orders with neatness and dispatch, at

most reasonable rates.

Country orders solicited and promptly ex-

ecuted.

PASSOVER HOLIDAYS

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

FINE MILLINERY

At Lowest Prices—Comprising:

TRIMMED HATS, BONNETS,

FEATHERS, FLOWERS, ETC.

BAND BOX

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Classes in Different Departments

Open at Studio

841 MARKET ST.

Special classes for teachers and pupils of public

schools from 9:30 to 5:30 P. M.

TERMS PER MONTH:

Drawing, \$2.50; Painting, \$3.50; Ken-

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Lace, Crochet, etc. \$3.

Rooms 13, 14 and 18.

SANDER'S PROPRIETARY MEDICINE

TRADE MARK.

THE JEWISH TIMES.

San Francisco, California.

FRIDAY MAY 4, 1883.

Foreign News.

Dr. Kroner became rabbi of Erfurt on March 2d.

Dr. Jos. Abrahams, of London, has been chosen prospective minister of the Melbourne Hebrew Congregation.

At the recent election for Town Councillors of Lemberg, nineteen Jewish candidates were successful.

An evening school for youths who study Talmud by day, has been opened in Lemberg by the Society "Agudas Achim."

At Sir George Jessel's funeral no address was delivered, because the day was the feast of Purim, and also at the request of the family.

The building of a synagogue in St. Petersburg will be commenced some time this year. The corner stone will be laid on the day the emperor is crowned.

The Paris papers report that Baroness Rothschild has recently donated 500,000 francs for the foundation of a home for old and helpless French litterateurs.

An anti-Semitic congress met in Chemnitz, Saxony, on March 29th. Only six delegates from Hungary were present. A movement is on foot to form an "Alliance Universelle Antisemite."

The Israelitische Teachers' Seminary for the Rhine Provinces, Dr. Plato, director, has been incorporated. This institution has educated many of the ablest Jewish teachers in Germany.

That anti-Semitism has slight footing in Belgium is shown in the recent election to the Senate of Mr. Ferdinand Bishoffheim by a majority of 2,200 over Baron Veuch, the clerical candidate.

Dombrowski, the Polish waiter, who had been sentenced to death for the murder of an entire Jewish family at Zolkiew, was executed at Lemberg on the 24th ult. The culprit declared that Jew-hatred was the motive for the crime.

It is understood in civic circles, that Alderman H. A. Isaacs will serve as Sheriff of London and Middlesex in the ensuing year, and that his Under-Sheriff will be Mr. Algernon E. Sydney, the honorary Solicitor of the United Synagogue.

An article at the Horner's exhibition at London was described in the catalogue as a Roman *titulus*. Mr. Alfred Newman questioned the correctness of this description, insisting that it was a *Shafar*, preserved from the first period of the settlement of the Jews in England. The question was discussed at a meeting of the British Archaeological Society, and Mr. Newman's view was accepted as correct.

The \$40,000 thousand needed to build an orphan home in Pressburg is almost raised, and the Jews have contributed largely, although the chief members are violent anti-Semites. We hope that Herr Schautz and his colleagues will not deem that this Semite conduct deserves punishment, nor forget it after after the institute is established.

The condition of the Jews in Serbia leaves little to be wished for. The spirit of tolerance is so widespread that an anti-Semitic agitation is impossible there. Austrian and English Jews have equal rights with all the other citizens, and the native Jews alone are subject to certain restrictions which will soon be removed as there is no doubt that the Skupszina will pass a bill to that effect.

The sudden death is announced of Rabbi Schreiber of Cracow, at the age of 63. He was descended from a long line of Rabbis, and was born and reared in Pressburg, Austria-Hungary. In 1838, he proceeded to Cracow, where he soon won for himself a leading influence in the affairs and councils of the Jews of Galicia. In 1879, he was elected a member of the Reichsrath. He was throughout a consistent orthodox, and strove earnestly against the incipient Reform movement which was lifting its head in Galicia. He was esteemed by all as an honorable, learned, pious and conscientious Jew.

The persecution of the Jews in Russia has attracted general attention from the condition of the Roumanian Jews. That their condition has not improved and that they still suffer indignities at the hands of insolent officials is evidenced by a recent report made to the Anglo-Jewish Association which contains the following: "A short time ago the 'Primate' of the village of Excer, notified the Jewish butcher, who was an old resident, that he had received orders to drive him and all the other Jews out of the village. The butcher begged for delay on account of his wife's illness; but to no purpose, for his family and the other Jews were placed in open wagons to be driven to Romsa. But before they reached their destination the mother and child had succumbed to the cold." Comment on this cruel act is needless.

Jewish literature has lately lost a distinguished writer and bibliographer through the death of Signor Moise Soave, of Venice. His erudition was of a vast character, and so widely was this known that no foreign Orientalist visited Venice without calling on Signor Soave, M. Renan in particular having entertained for him a very high regard. He was the author of various interesting works, including biographies of distinguished personages, and he also wrote a series of letters to the German savant, Dr. Steinschneider, which were published in the years 1880 and 1881 in the "Vessillo Israelitico." He was also favorably known as an admirable teacher, and as such he turned out several eminent pupils.

MURDER OF A JEWISH PEDDLER.

COLFAX (W. T.), May 1.—At noon yesterday a peddler named Meyer J. Livingston was found in camp between Willow Creek and Texas Ferry in an almost lifeless condition, shot through the body. He will die. Eighty dollars in silver was scattered around the wounded man, but no money was on his person. Robbery was evidently the incentive of the shooting. Albert Hamilton, a hard case, is suspected of having committed the deed.

The Jews.

J. E. Mc Shan in Texas Siftings.

(Continued from last week.)

Macaulay relates that the Arabs have this tradition: "When the great flood covered the earth, there was but one thing that survived its destruction, and that, the great pyramid." So this people have stood through all the mutations of time; withstood all the floods of ignorance and superstition, and, like the great pyramid, maintained their position. They have been the subjects of every government, have spoken the language of the land of their adoption, but their thoughts, feelings and aspirations have always been Hebrew.

Rome, when mistress of the world, had Jews among her people, yet they were not Roman, nor did they become barbarians when the northern hordes overran that proud city, but were always Jews. Greece, when the central sun of learning, had Jews, yet when her lustre grew dim with age her Jews were the same. Thus, though they have been the subjects of every government they have failed to amalgamate with any other people.

The race of man is like the waters of the seas: Sea flows into sea, and ocean into ocean, and their waters commingle, but through them runs the gulf stream. An individual flood, and what the gulf stream is to the wide world of waters, as the Jew is to the world of men. The Jew has always been among the best citizens of any government, as a little retrospect will show. Few Jews break the laws of the land, for in the prisons they are almost unknown; among the Jews there are no paupers, pensioners upon the bounty of the government, and a public Jewish beggar is never seen, while all Jews have a respectable education. This is not the result of chance, but comes from two excellent causes. The first is that every Jew, though he has the wealth of a Rothschild, learns a trade or profession, and is therefore able to subsist without doing unlawful deeds. The second is their extreme cleanliness, of which we have spoken; a feeling of true sympathy, a touch of feeling that makes the whole race kin. And it is a pity that there is not more cleanliness of the same kind with the balance of the world. In practical charity and philanthropy, it would be well for the Christian world to imitate a few lessons from the lofty devotion of their Jewish neighbors.

The Jew has compassion upon a suffering brother, and act toward him the part of a good Samaritan, while it is often too true that the remainder of the world act toward their brethren the part of the Levite, and, as a general thing, not only pass by on the other side, but look the other way to keep from seeing them for fear of having their habitual tranquility disturbed, as it were.

Again, the Jews have always been a talented people. Many of the governments of the world have been served by them in the august toils of State. In olden times it was the custom of eastern monarchs to make courtiers of their young Hebrew captives, both for fidelity and capacity. Such an one was Daniel, and also Hezekiah, the king's cup-bearer and many others. This fact would be more conspicuous were it not true that they were forced not only to suppress, and in many cases, abjure their religion, but to discard all that had the savor of Israel about them, oftentimes their very names. And in later times among the distinguished of the world, many Jews have stood foremost. Had France ever a greater Marshal than Massena. England a greater Premier than Disraeli. Did master ever touch with such magic hand the slumbering chords of music as does Rubenstein? Has actor ever played upon the soul's passion like Bernhardt, or philosopher gone deeper into the mysteries of learning than Spinoza? And among modern educators a few in charge of the greatest Turkish university is fore most. An I not only is it true that these great lights of latter days have been Jews, but it is also true that many others distinguished, though not so prominent, in every calling in life, have had the blood of Israel in their veins. While, upon the commerce of the world, the Jews, in proportion to numbers, wield an influence greater than all others. Some of them in wealth rival the fabulous treasures of Croesus, and bring to mind the splendid days of Florence, when the magnificent and beneficent Cosmo and Lorenzo DeMedici were ruling there. And it is said that in Europe the Rothschilds decide whether there shall be war or peace. Thus, we see the Jews are still illustrious in commerce, letters, art and science, and have truly been a talented people.

Some historians of Jewish thought, notably Rabbi Leuch, in a recent lecture divide it into three great eras, each marked by the advent of a Moses. First came that Egyptian Prince and Hebrew law giver, Moses of Sinai, who led his people the forty long years of their wandering, before he left them forever, brought down from the burning mountain the laws which have always governed them, and gave them their first code. Then, after the lapse of many centuries, when Israel was succumbed to that universal tendency, of all bodies, civil and ecclesiastical; that tendency to technical subservance which has blighted the usefulness of more institutions than all the enemies of the Middle Ages; the dangerous kind of mysticism had taken root in the minds of the people; a mysticism clinging with dangerous tenacity to the word and neglecting the spirit of the law, there arose one who to the Jewish world was what Luther was to the Christian. "He was in the Middle Ages the dangerous kind of mysticism had taken root in the minds of the people; a mysticism clinging with dangerous tenacity to the word and neglecting the spirit of the law, there arose one who to the Jewish world was what Luther was to the Christian."

"This was the great Moses Maimonides, of whom it was written, from Moses of Sinai to Moses Maimonides, none lived like Moses." Then again when the waves which had been raised by the power of this great man had been soothed to slumber by the serene voice of time, when to use the beautiful words of Leuch, "The spirit of stagnation was laming the wings of the genius of progress, not that there had not existed enlightened minds at all times, but a gloomy persistence of the masses in all that having the halo of antiquity around its mouldering brow had stayed the cause of religious advance," and here, for the third time, a Moses came to the rescue. Moses Mendelssohn held high the banner upon which was inscribed, "No barrier to scientific research; no fetters must be forged around the thinking faculty of man." These are the three great luminaries of the Jewish heavens, and, like the great men of other nations, have arisen when the exigencies of the time demanded them. In the history of the world every great emergency has brought to light some mammoth genius capable of grappling with it, for great occasions necessitate developing great latent powers into active, positive forces; great events require great ideas to overcome them; great ideas make great men, and "The hour must have its man." What a splendid trio do these great names form: Moses of Sinai, Moses Maimonides and Moses Mendelssohn. They stand in the heavens of Jewish thought, not as revolving planets or fixed stars, but as a constellation of self-luminous suns, guaranteeing to their people light for all coming time; and to the Hebrew student they are the fountain of all light and knowledge; a pledge for his people's future glory, inviolate as the band of celestial promise, spanning the heavens. Further, the Jews have the best claims to aristocracy of any other nation, aside from their splendid heritage of being a peculiar people: each Jew traces his lineage back to the Patriarch Abraham, and if lineage entitles men to distinction, surely the Jews have it. The aristocracy of the Old World is the lineage of William the Conqueror and Charlemagne are doubly honored, because their forefathers established those dynasties whose histories are so brilliant. Then, how much more should the Hebrews be entitled to the claims of aristocracy who, for thousands of years, were the nobility of the world's enlightenment and from among whom came Him whose religion the Christian world believe, and whose self it adores.

They are entitled to this distinction, and the reason why they do not receive it is because of an unreasonable ostracism the world once imposed upon them, and which has come down the ages the relic of an intolerance which enlightened men should blush to own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Better Day For Judaism.

Hebrew Standard.

A spirit of sturdy independence is displayed in bright and living colors in the lives and characters of the teachers of Israel in every age.

They hesitated not to rebuke vice and irregularity in all its forms.

They pondered not to the prejudices of the day.

They crooked not the willing knee to wealth and fashion; the mansion of the rich and the hovel of the poor were alike to them, for they knew

"That Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,

Breathes as sweetly to the tangled world,

As when the rays through blazing oriel

On marbled shaft and tessellated floor."

Their pure and holy lives, their self abnegation, their unwavering consistency, their unstinted charity, their devotion to faith, their earnestness of spirit, their self-sacrifice, gained for them the respect, the love and the admiration of their flock, and they were not merely teachers, but pillars of strength and shields of defense to Israel.

They were the cement which united Israelites together as living stones in the Temple of Judaism.

The spiritual decay, the indifference to religion, the disintegrating process manifest in American Judaism, can be readily and easily traced to those of our ministers who have sacrificed principle for popularity.

And not the Israelites of America are becoming alarmed at the condition of affairs, and are seriously asking, Whither are we drifting?

They have seen the fallacy of trusting everything to their pretended spiritual guides.

In short, they have learned that Priests, Rabbis and Doctors are but men, and they are exercising their own powers of perception in a manner not very pleasing to those who have been accustomed to be looked up to with feelings of veneration and awe!

A revolution is taking place. Theories that have long been considered sacred are being examined and exploded. Customs, the growth of mediaeval times, are being discarded. Usages foreign to the principles of Judaism, and not adapted to a free country, are by common consent being disregarded.

These things all lead us to believe that a better day for Judaism is fast approaching; a day when the reign of bigotry, superstition and stiff-neckedness on the one hand, and indifference, idealism and false pride on the other, which has long held sway among our co-religionists in this land, will be known only as among the things that were, and its place shall be occupied with a religion emanating from a pure source and guided by a Divine hand. That religion will be Judaism as known, advocated and upheld by the conservatives of the present day.

Orthodoxy may boast of her strength and her antiquity. Reform of its advancement and purity. But conservatism unites all Israel upon the platform of historic Judaism, which alone can secure peace, progress and prosperity, which alone can bring safety, security and stability.

Poverty and destitution are sad things; but there is no such poverty, there is no such destitution, as that of a covetous and worldly heart. Poverty is a sad thing, but there is no man so poor as he who is poor in his affections and virtues.

MAN WHO WISHES TO MAKE THE MOST OF HIMSELF.

1. Keep regular hours. Take the night for repose—eight hours of sound, good sleep every night.

2. Take sufficient wholesome, well-cooked food.

3. System, regularity, order, in work, rest, study or play.

4. Try to redeem some time every day for useful reading and study.

5. Shun bad company of men and women; better none, than worse than none.

6. Fear God and keep his commandments. Pray daily; read the Bible; remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

7. Remember that this life is only the beginning of life; time reaches forward and takes hold on eternity.

8. Do all you can to make others good and happy.

The Book of Daniel.

Abraham of recent discoveries in the field of Assyrian exploration, it may not prove uninteresting to point out here that it is owing to Sir Henry Rawlinson that a very curious point in the Book of Daniel has been cleared up. Belshazzar, it will be remembered, promised to make Daniel "Third Ruler in the Kingdom." It had long struck many critics as odd that the promise should have been "third ruler" only, and not "second," seeing that the design of the sovereign was evidently to make him the next important personage to himself in the government of Babylon. Now for many years it was supposed that the Belshazzar of the Scriptures and the Nabonidus of the Assyrian records were one and the same person. Hence there were some striking discrepancies between the two accounts, the Biblical and the Babylonian. Daniel's Belshazzar was a descendant of Nebuchadnezzar, but Nabonidus was not of the family of Nebuchadnezzar at all; Daniel's Belshazzar died in the city the night it was taken, but Nabonidus, when Babylon was taken, was spared by the conqueror, who actually made him Governor of Carmania! These appeared only a discrepancy, until Sir Henry Rawlinson, in 1854, found certain clay cylinders in a corner of the Temple of the Moon, and deciphering the inscriptions impressed upon them, solved the difficulty. Nabonidus refers to the latter as "Belshazzar my eldest son, the offspring of my heart." Nabonidus had married the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar in order to strengthen his position as king; and Belshazzar was the issue of this marriage. Hence Belshazzar was a grandson of the Nebuchadnezzar of the Bible. But as Nabonidus was an interloper, he ruled conjointly with his own son, sharing the kingdom, and thus soothing the susceptibility of those who stood up for the rightful line represented by Nebuchadnezzar's daughter. Belshazzar ruling in Babylon was, therefore, himself only a deputy king—was himself only the "second ruler" in the kingdom. Hence it was that the utmost honor he could promise to the Jew Daniel was, that he should be "third" in the kingdom, he himself being the second.—*Jewish World*.

Management of Babies.

In almost every newspaper we pick up, we see something about the management of stock or poultry, but we seldom see in newspapers anything considering the management of children during their babyhood. A lady correspondent gives her experience with her own babies as follows:

I do not pretend that my general knowledge is greater than that of any one else, but I do claim that I can take good care of babies and raise healthy children. And will not every one admit that good babies are a great source of comfort to parents, while cross babies and crying children are an annoyance and a source of anxiety to them?

I will therefore proceed to tell the readers of your paper how I treat my babies. And I will say right here that I am not very healthy myself. I have had nine children, and have never had a cross or sick child. And this is the way I manage:

I try to keep them comfortable. From the middle of September till the middle of May, I keep flannel skirts on my children, and from the time they are two weeks old I wash them all over every morning in clean lukewarm water, rubbing them as hard as they can bear with a good linen towel. Then I dress them immediately and give them their breakfast. When this is done I put them in a good, warm cradle bed, and go about my morning work, sometimes singing some familiar hymn. Being thus engaged with my work, baby will go to sleep, which is sure to do, and very often it will sleep the greater portion of the forenoon. If a child is fretful it will generally be found that it is because it is uncomfortable. And what the mother needs to do is to keep their feet warm and their bodies clean. When this is constantly attended to a baby will be almost sure to thrive and be contented, if it has proper nourishment, so as not to become hungry. A great many persons ask me why my children are so good. And when I tell them my mode of treating them, they say: "I can't take time to wash my baby every morning;" or, "If I but wash my baby's head and face it gives it a cold." The trouble is she does not wash the baby often enough.

I love clean, sweet children; but I don't like to pick one up that smells as though it had never been washed, or never had on clean clothes. It does not take half as much time to take care of a baby properly as it does to take care of it by managing improperly. Just try my plan, you who have the care of little ones, and you will be rewarded.

Alphabet of Bible Proverbs.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

"Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

"Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established."

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue."

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure or whether it be right."

"Fools make a mock at sin."

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

"He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly."

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread."

"Judgments are prepared for scorners."

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"Naughty person, a wicked man walketh with froward mouth."

"Only by pride cometh contention."

"Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction."

"Remove far from me vanity and lies."

"Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me."

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

"Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it."

"Evil pursueth sinners, but to the righteous God will be repaid."

"Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker."

"Xalt her, and she shall promote thee."

"Yet a little slumber, a little sleep, so shall thy poverty come as one that travel, and thy want as an armed man."

STRONG FACTS!

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A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1883. My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. Mary E. BISHOP, 173 Prentiss.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881. Suffering from kidney disease and many troubles for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief. J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa. Dec. 2, 1881. After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief. Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

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